

474 ODES.

PARTHENOPHIL [?

They that pity lovers; is't good, If I praise
such?

ECHO, Ey,
praise such ! If that I write their praise;
by my vewse, shall they live never ?
ECHO,

Ever!
If thy words be true; with thanks, take
adieu then.

ECHO, Adieu then!

CARMEN ANACREONTIUM

ODE 17.



Reveal, sweet Muse ! this secret!
Wherein the lively Senses Do most
triumph In glory ? Where others talk of
eagles, Searching the sun with quick
sight; With eyes, in brightness piersant,
PARTHENOPHE, my sweet Nymph, With
Sight more quick than eagle's, With
eyes more clear and piersant, (And,
which exceeds all eagles, Whose
influence gives more heat Than sun in
Cancer's Tropic) With proud Imperious
glances Subduing all beholders, Which
gaze upon their brightness, Shall
triumph over that Sense.

Reveal, sweet Muse, this secret!
Wherein the lively Senses Do most
triumph in glory? Where some of
heavenly nectar The Taste's chief
comfort talk of For pleasure and
sweet relish; Where some, celestial
syrops